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TV'S GREATEST SEA SAGA Starring ROBERT BROWN
PRIMUS
NO. 7
OCT.
CDC
ONLY 20¢
PRIMUS MUST NOT FAIL
THE STAKES ARE WORLD WAR III
00785

WHAT BROUGHT PRIMUS HERE....TO THE FLOOR OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.... FACING TWO OF THE DEADLIEST PREDATORS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.. ...KILLER MAN! CARTER PRIMUS, FIRST MAN OF THE SEA, HAD TO STOP THEM....OR THEY'D BRING ON THE GREATEST HOLOCAUST THE WORLD HAD EVER KNOWN... ...BUT HE KNEW THE ODDS WERE LONG AGAINST HIM!
CRISIS AT 40 FATHOMS
Meet Your Friend
Primus
HE IS PRIMUS... ..KILL HIM!
D-3309
THIS TIME PRIMUS CANNOT ESCAPE!
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LETTERING: CHARLOTTE JETTER

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PRIMUS BECAME INVOLVED WHEN HE INVITED TONI TO HAVE DINNER WITH HIM AFTER AN ESPECIALLY DIFFICULT DIVING ASSIGNMENT...
WHEW! RECOVERING THAT EQUIPMENT FROM THE WRECK WAS ROUGH, BOSS! DO I PUT IN FOR OVERTIME OR JUST TAKE A FAT BONUS?
HOW ABOUT HAVING DINNER AT THE GLADES CLUB, TONI?
I HOPE THIS ISN'T A 'COME-AS-YOU-ARE' INVITATION, BOSS....I'VE GOT A GROOVY NEW DRESS I'VE BEEN ACHING TO WEAR!
I THOUGHT THE ONLY ITEMS IN YOUR WARDROBE WERE DUNGAREES AND BATHING SUITS, TONI!
THE GLADES CLUB WAS ULTRA-EXPENSIVE, ULTRA ELEGANT.... AND TONI WAS ULTRA-ULTRA WHEN THEY ARRIVED!
I'VE RESERVED A FINE TABLE FOR TWO, MR. PRIMUS...YOU'RE IN TIME FOR THE SUPPER SHOW....RICHARD N. MIXON IS THE STAR, YOU KNOW!
MENU
HE LOOKS STRANGELY FAMILIAR, PRIMUS!
I AM THE PRESIDENT, LET'S HAVE NO MISTAKES ABOUT THAT!
NOW DO YOU PLACE HIM, TONI?
2

AMAZING... ..HE SOUNDS EXACTLY LIKE THE PRESIDENT!
LET ME BE PERFECTLY CLEAR ABOUT THIS....
THOSE TWO ARE UP TO NO GOOD, TONI.... THEY BOTH HAVE GUNS!
THE ENTERTAINER WHO CALLED HIMSELF RICHARD N. MIXON FINISHED AND LEFT THE STAGE....WITH THE TWO ARMED MEN RIGHT AFTER HIM!
THAT'S ODD....THAT ISN'T AN EXIT....THEY HAVE NO REASON TO GO IN THERE! EXCUSE ME, TONI.....
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY DRESSING ROOM?
THAT'S MIXON'S VOICE...
THUD
DON'T TOUCH THAT PHONE, MIXON... AND DON'T TRY TO GET AWAY!
3

WHO'S HE, ARCHER? FUZZ?
A TOURIST.... HIS NAME IS CARTER PRIMUS....HE'S JUST A NOSY CUSTOMER!
PRIMUS!
THERE ARE THE TWO MEN PRIMUS FOLLOWED....THEY'VE GOT MIXON WITH THEM....WHERE'S PRIMUS?
EXIT
PRIMUS, WHAT HAPPENED? DON'T MOVE, I'LL GET A....
NOTHING'S BROKEN, TONI.....BUT I'VE GOT A FANTASTIC HEADACHE!
I HEARD MR. MIXON ASKING SOMEONE WHAT HE WANTED....THEN SOMEONE GAVE ME A KARATE CHOP ON THE BACK OF MY NECK!
THOSE TWO GOONS LEFT WITH HIM, PRIMUS....BUT WHY?
4

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

IT MAY BE SOMETHING CONCERNING THE PRESIDENT, TONI....FIRST PRIORITY IS TO GET WORD TO THE RIGHT PEOPLE!
YES, THIS IS HE, MR. PRIMUS. WHAT IS THE URGENT MATTER?
RICHARD N. MIXON, THE MOST TALENTED PRESIDENTIAL MIMIC, HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED!
A HORDE OF INVESTIGATORS WERE ON THE CASE MINUTES LATER....AND NEXT DAY TWO OF THEM CAME ABOARD ORCA WHERE PRIMUS WAS WORKING IN HIS LABORATORY!
MIXON'S GONE, MR. PRIMUS! WE TRACED THEM TO A MARINA NEAR HERE.. ...THEY USED AN UNMARKED DEEP-SEA BOAT!
LEFT BY BOAT? THAT'S WEIRD....THERE AREN'T MANY PLACES TO HIDE ON THE OCEAN!
HOW ABOUT UNDER IT, PRIMUS?
PRIMUS, ARE YOU THERE? WE'VE GOT A LITTLE CHORE!
CHARLIE WHITMAN, PRIMUS....HIS LITTLE CHORES USUALLY TURN OUT ROUGH AND NASTY!
5

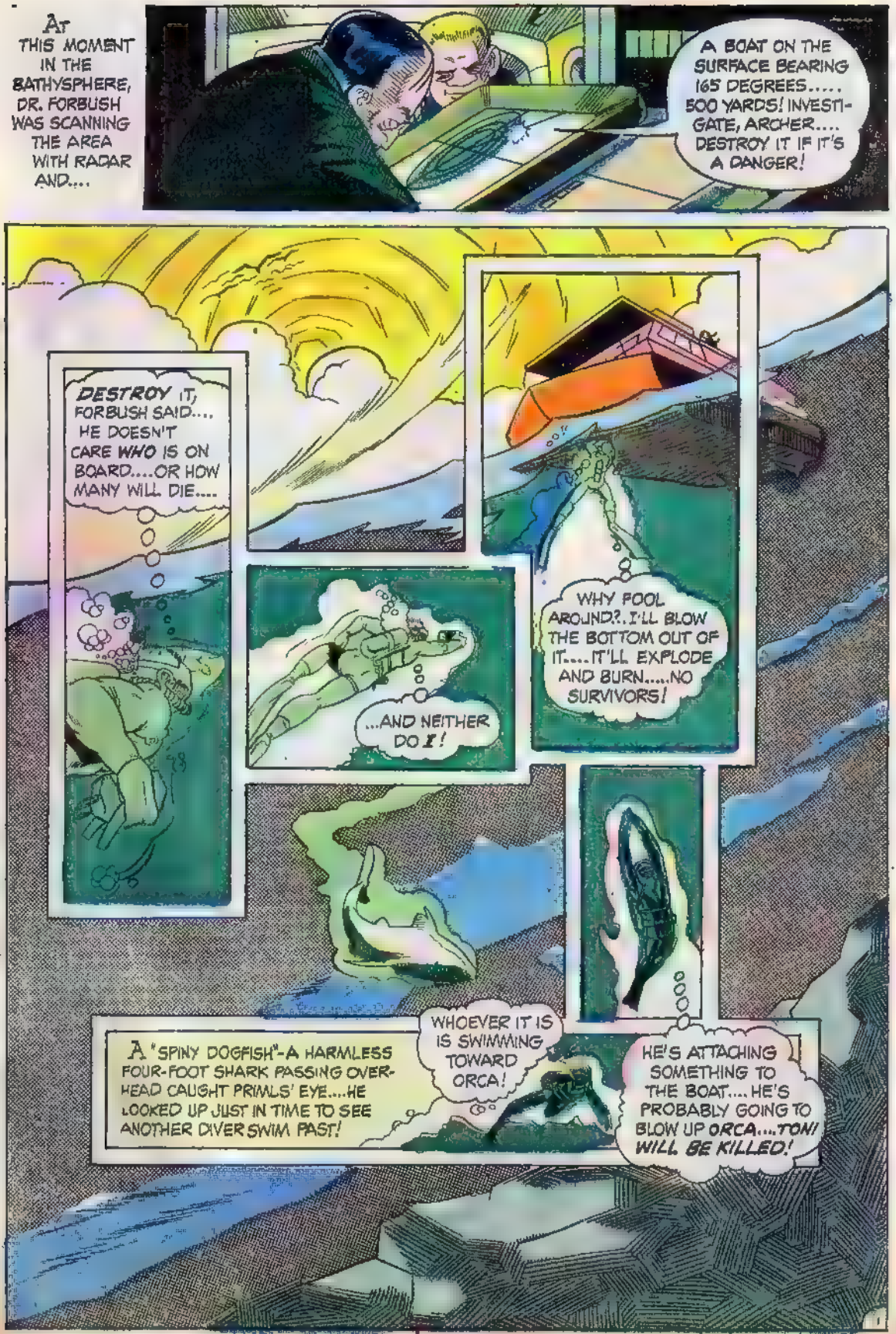
I'M LISTENING, CHARLIE.
I HAD A CALL FROM INTERNATIONAL CABLE.... THEY BELIEVE THERE'S BEEN DAMAGE TO A TELEPHONE CABLE! THEIR OWN TROUBLE SHOOTERS ARE A THOUSAND MILES EAST.... WILL YOU CHECK ON IT?
THEY'VE GOT INSTRUMENTS WHICH PINPOINT THE DEFECT....I'LL GIVE YOU THE LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE! I SAID YOU'D LEAVE AT ONCE!
IT WAS ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN MILES OFF-SHORE...ORCA, DECEPTIVELY FAST, GOT UNDERWAY!
STEER 82 DEGREES TRUE, TONI! I'M GOING TO GET SOME DETAILS FROM CHARLIE WHITMAN!
CHARLIE, WHAT'S SO URGENT ABOUT A FAULTY TELEPHONE CABLE?
SWITCH TO YOUR VOICE SCRAMBLER, PRIMUS!
THIS IS ONE OF THE MOSCOW HOT LINE CABLES, PRIMUS! THE COLD WAR IS HOTTING UP...IT'S A VERY BAD TIME FOR ANY BREAKDOWN IN WASHINGTON-MOSCOW COMMUNICATIONS!
CHARLIE'S RIGHT, PRIMUS! THIS IS IMPORTANT!
THE CABLE BREAK IS PROBABLY DUE TO SEISMO-GRAPHIC DISTURBANCES! THERE'VE BEEN SEVERAL UNDERSEA EARTHQUAKES RECENTLY!

ORCA ARRIVED AT 26° 47' 17" LAT., 79° 12' 33" LONG. NEAR SUNDOWN....
GOT THE WEATHER, PRIMUS....NO LOCAL DISTURBANCES....WIND EIGHT KNOTS FROM THE SOUTH!
EXCELLENT! I'LL USE THE FATHOMETER TO GET AN IDEA OF THE OCEAN FLOOR HERE!
HMMM....WE'RE STILL OVER THE CONTINENTAL SHELF....THE DEPTH VARIES FROM 200 TO 300 FEET!
I CAN WORK THAT WITH MY SEA-CUB DEEP SCUBA RIG!
I'LL FIX A SCRUMPTIOUS DINNER, PRIMUS....YOU CAN'T WORK DOWN THERE AT NIGHT!
I GUESS NOT, TONI.... IT'S DANGEROUS ENOUGH IN DAYLIGHT!
A QUARTER MILE EAST, JUST BEYOND THE RANGE OF PRIMUS' RADAR, THERE WERE THOSE WHO DIDN'T SHARE PRIMUS' AVERSION TO NIGHT HOURS....
USE THE MAGNETIC LOCK, ARCHER....
IT'S IN PLACE, DOCTOR... YOU CAN USE YOUR TELEPHONE AT ANY TIME NOW!

INSIDE THE SOPHISTICATED AND INCREDIBLY EXPENSIVE BATHYSPHERE, A STRANGE FIGURE SAT, IN CHARGE OF THIS STRANGE DRAMA....DR. WYLIE FORBUSH! WITH HIM WERE TWO VERY UNUSUAL GUESTS..
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHY I WAS FORCIBLY REMOVED FROM THE GLADES, SIR! WHAT IS THIS PLACE? IT....IT LOOKS LIKE A SUBMARINE!
HOW CLEVER OF YOU, MR. PRESIDENT! PERHAPS I SHOULD INTRODUCE YOU TWO....
COMRADE PANYI IS A RUMANIAN MIMIC WHO, CAN IMITATE THE RUSSIAN PREMIER..... PANYI, THIS IS RICHARD N. MIXON....WHO NATURALLY, SOUNDS EXACTLY LIKE THE PRESIDENT!
THOSE TELEPHONES ARE NOW ATTACHED TO THE WASHINGTON-MOSCOW HOT LINE! WITH YOUR ASSISTANCE, GENTLEMEN, I PROPOSE....
....TO TOUCH OFF THE THIRD AND LAST WORLD WAR!
YOU'RE INSANE! I CERTAINLY WON'T BE A PARTY TO YOUR MADNESS!
YOU'LL DO IT, MIXON....I KNOW METHODS OF PERSUASION THAT WILL WORK ON ANYONE!
8

IT BEGAN AT 4 A.M., WASHINGTON TIME! A TELEPHONE RANG IN THE WHITE HOUSE....A RED TELEPHONE IN A COMMUNICATIONS ROOM!
BRRRIIIIINNNG
THIS IS THE WHITE HOUSE!
IS THIS A TEST CALL?
IT ISN'T? WHO? Y-YES, MR. PREMIER, I-I'LL SIGNAL HIM NOW!
THIS IS THE PRESIDENT SPEAKING! I BEG YOUR PARDON!
I...I BEG YOUR PARDON! WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU ARE THE PREMIER, SIR!
THE CALL HAD ORIGINATED ON THE FLOOR OF THE SEA, OF COURSE! THE MAN WHO HAD ADDRESSED OUR PRESIDENT HUNG UP....
H-HE BELIEVED ME! HE THINKS THE RUSSIAN PREMIER SAID THOSE OUTRAGEOUS THINGS YOU MADE ME UTTER!
YOU HAVE THE MESSAGE, SIR! NOW, YOU FOOL THE RED PREMIER JUST AS PANYI DECEIVED THE AMERICAN HEAD OF STATE!
I REFUSE, SIR!
9

EEE!!!!!!!
NOT SO HARD, ARCHER..... HE'S LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS!
THE SPINELESS COWARD.. NOW I MUST POSTPONE THE WASHINGTON-TO MOSCOW PHASE OF MY PLAN!
THIS IS THE APPROXIMATE AREA WHERE THE CABLE MALFUNCTION OCCURRED....
IN WASHINGTON D.C., ALERTS WERE FLASHED....SHIPS AND PLANES AROUND THE WORLD SUDDENLY CAME ALIVE... BUT PRIMUS SLEPT UNTIL DAWN AND WHEN HE CAME ON DECK, TONI WAS OUT OF HER QUARTERS STARTING BREAKFAST!
HERE'S COFFEE, PRIMUS..... BREAKFAST IN FIVE MINUTES!
I WON'T WANT MUCH, TONI..... I'LL BE WORKING AT 200 FEET THIS MORNING!


AT THIS MOMENT IN THE BATHYSPHERE, DR. FORBUSH WAS SCANNING THE AREA WITH RADAR AND....
A BOAT ON THE SURFACE BEARING 165 DEGREES..... 500 YARDS! INVESTIGATE, ARCHER.... DESTROY IT IF IT'S A DANGER!
DESTROY IT, FORBUSH SAID.... HE DOESN'T CARE WHO IS ON BOARD....OR HOW MANY WILL DIE....
WHY FOOL AROUND?. I'LL BLOW THE BOTTOM OUT OF IT.....IT'LL EXPLODE AND BURN.....NO SURVIVORS!
...AND NEITHER DO I!
A "SPINY DOGFISH"-A HARMLESS FOUR-FOOT SHARK PASSING OVERHEAD CAUGHT PRIMLS' EYE....HE LOOKED UP JUST IN TIME TO SEE ANOTHER DIVER SWIM PAST!
WHOEVER IT IS IS SWIMMING TOWARD ORCA!
HE'S ATTACHING SOMETHING TO THE BOAT.... HE'S PROBABLY GOING TO BLOW UP ORCA....TONI WILL BE KILLED!

ARCHER, THE KIDNAPPER OF RICHARD N. MIXON..... ARCHER, THE SABOTEUR OF THE WASHINGTON-MOSCOW-HOT-LINE... ARCHER, THE MURDERER... SWAM QUICKLY BACK TOWARD THE BATHYSPHERE! HE DID NOT SEE PRIMUS, THE FIRST MAN OF THE SEA!
I DETACHED THE FUSE WIRE.... IT'S SAFE NOW!
I'VE GOT TO REMOVE THE EXPLOSIVE FIRST... THEN GO AFTER THE DIVER!
PRIMUS, WAS THAT YOU ABOUT THREE MINUTES AGO BENEATH THE HULL?
IT WAS A DIVER WHO LEFT HIS CALLING CARD...THIS NEAT LITTLE BOMB!
OHHH!
6
THERE IT IS....WE DIDN'T SCAN THIS AREA LAST NIGHT, TONI! GET ON THE RADIO TO CHARLIE....TELL HIM THE CABLE BREAK WAS NO ACCIDENT!
YOU CAN'T GO BACK DOWN THERE ALONE, PRIMUS!
PRIMUS!
12

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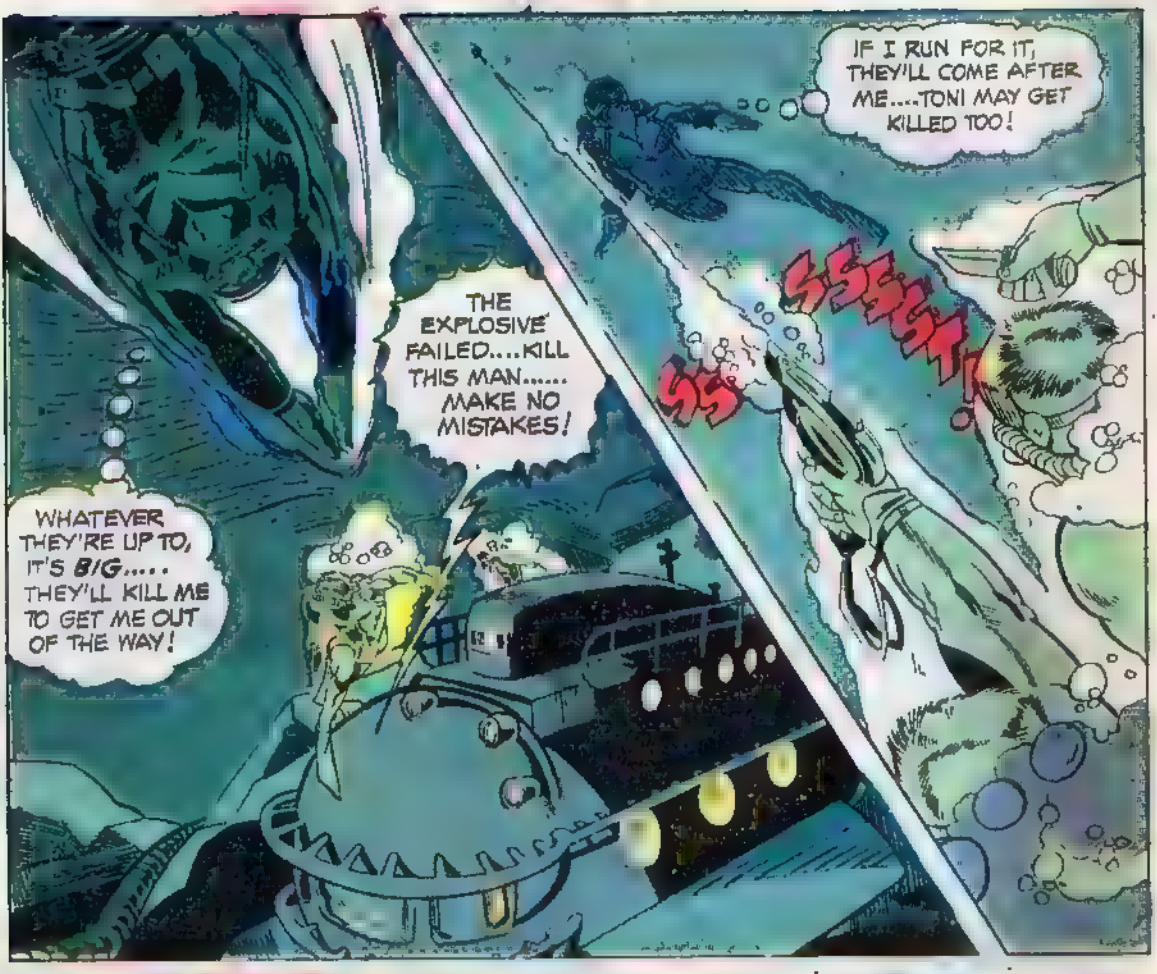
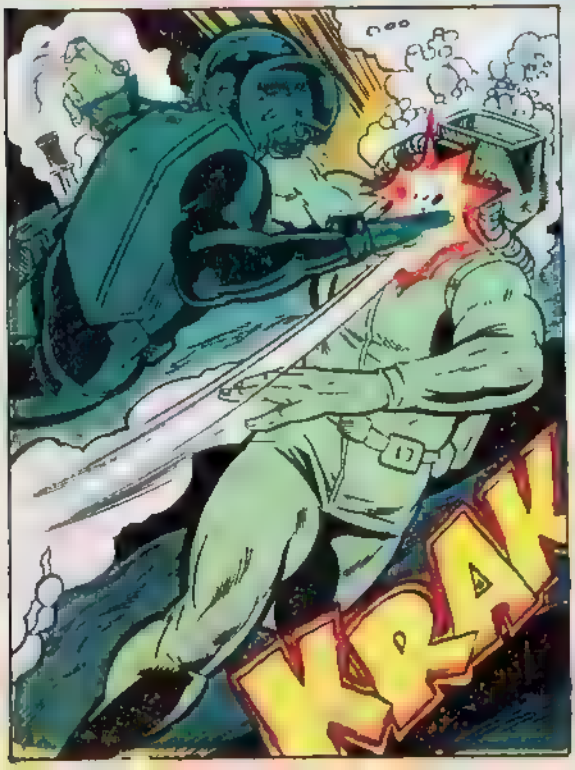
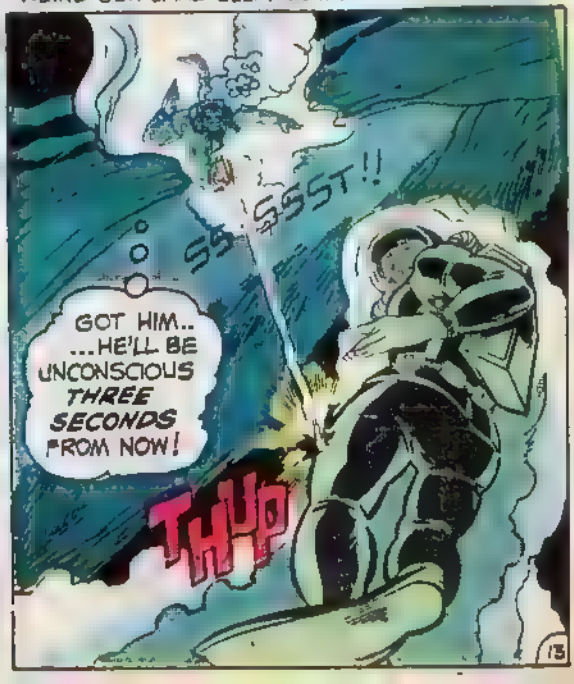
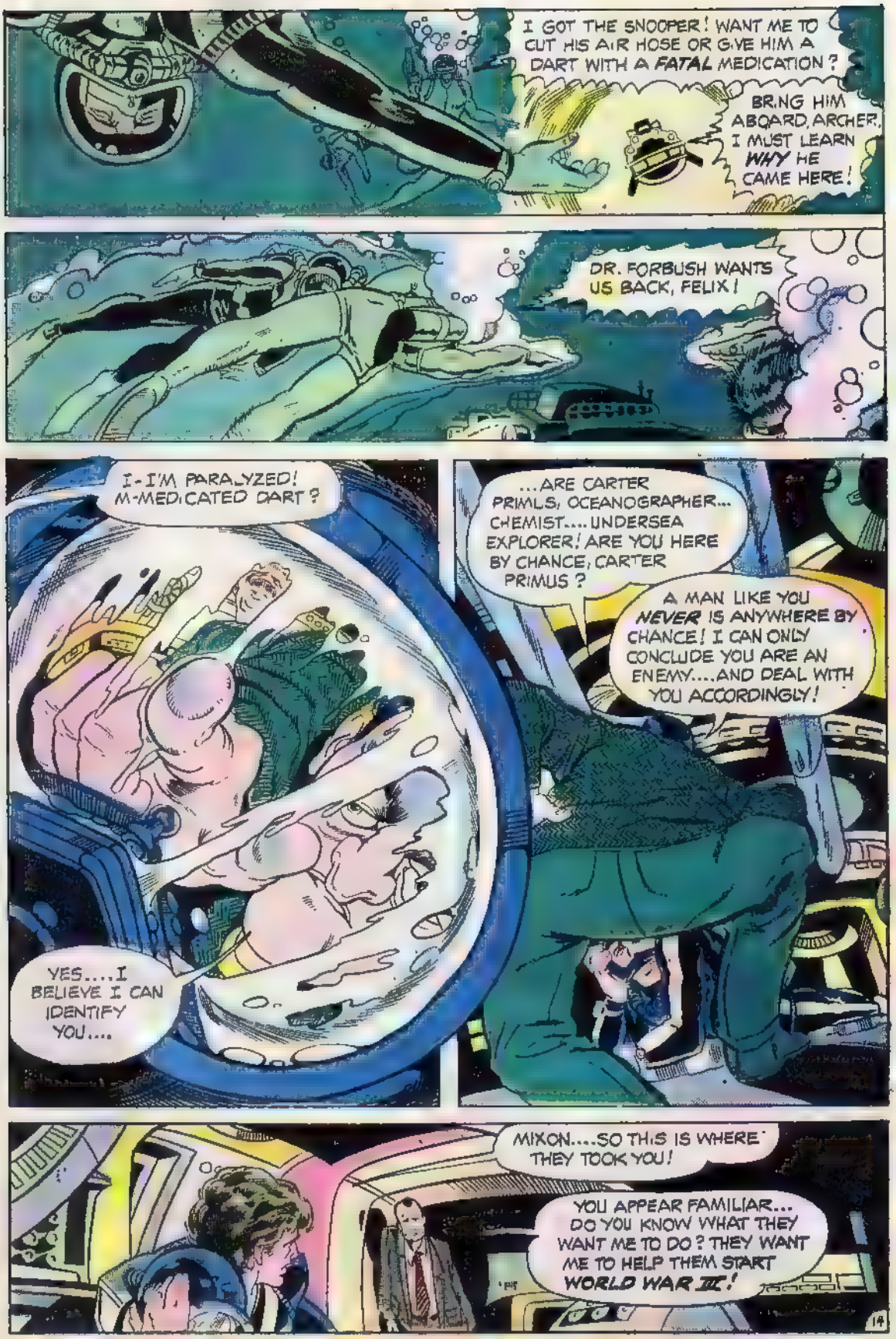

WHATEVER THEY'RE UP TO, IT'S BIG..... THEY'LL KILL ME TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY!
THE EXPLOSIVE FAILED....KILL THIS MAN..... MAKE NO MISTAKES!
IF I RUN FOR IT, THEY'LL COME AFTER ME....TONI MAY GET KILLED TOO!
SSSSST!



BUT PRIMUS' LUCK DIDN'T HOLD! AS HE KNOCKED HIS OPPONENT OUT, THE SECOND MAN AIMED THE WEIRD GUN CAREFULLY AND....




I GOT THE SNOOPER! WANT ME TO CUT HIS AIR HOSE OR GIVE HIM A DART WITH A FATAL MEDICATION?
BRING HIM ABOARD, ARCHER. I MUST LEARN WHY HE CAME HERE!
DR. FORBUSH WANTS US BACK, FELIX!
I-I'M PARALYZED! M-MEDICATED DART?
YES....I BELIEVE I CAN IDENTIFY YOU....
...ARE CARTER PRIMUS, OCEANOGRAPHER... CHEMIST.... UNDERSEA EXPLORER! ARE YOU HERE BY CHANCE, CARTER PRIMUS?
A MAN LIKE YOU NEVER IS ANYWHERE BY CHANCE! I CAN ONLY CONCLUDE YOU ARE AN ENEMY....AND DEAL WITH YOU ACCORDINGLY!
MIXON....SO THIS IS WHERE THEY TOOK YOU!
YOU APPEAR FAMILIAR... DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY WANT ME TO DO? THEY WANT ME TO HELP THEM START WORLD WAR III!

YOU'LL DO EXACTLY WHAT I SAY, FOOL!
I SHALL NOT, SIR! I WOULD NEVER DEGRADE MY POOR TALENTS BY IMITATING A MAN I ADMIRE VERY MUCH FOR EVIL PURPOSES!
DR. FORBUSH AND HIS HOODLUMS STARED AT MIXON... THEY HADN'T EXPECTED TROUBLE FROM THIS MAN, PAWN IN A GREAT GAME OF INTERNATIONAL CHESS....
DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, STUPID!
SPLAATT
PRIMUS, ALWAYS IN EXCELLENT CONDITION, SHOOK OFF THE DRUG AS THEY SLAPPED THE ENTERTAINER AROUND...
HE'LL SAY WHAT WE WANT, DOC...
DON'T HIT HIS FACE... HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK PROPERLY!
BELT ME AROUND, TOUGH GUY.
KILL PRIMUS.. HE'S HEARD TOO MUCH!
SPLA HCT
GRAB THE HEAD MAN, MIXON!
GET AWAY, YOU IDI...., LET GO!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I.... UUGGGHHH!!
KRAK
YOU ARE A SCOUNDREL, SIR!
POW!
IF HE MOVES, PULL THE TRIGGER, MR. MIXON.... I'M GOING TO SURFACE THIS TUB!
AS THE WEIRD VESSEL BROACHED ON THE SURFACE, A U.S. COAST GUARD CUTTER CAME CLOSER AND TONI, AT THE WHEEL OF ORCA, SAID A SILENT PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING....
TONI, I'LL HAND THESE GUYS OVER TO THE U.S. COAST GUARD! STAND BY TO TAKE ME ABOARD ORCA AS SOON AS I EXPLAIN THINGS!
WE'VE GOT THE BACK-GROUND INFORMATION PRIMUS! DR. REGIS FORBUSH, A FANATICAL MILLIONAIRE BOUGHT THAT VESSEL....HE SCHEMED TO GET THE U.S. AND RUSSIA INTO A WAR
MR. MIXON, OUR PRESIDENT CAN BE PROUD TO HAVE YOU IMPERSONATE HIM....YOU'RE A GOOD MAN IN A FIGHT!
LATER...
PRIMUS, NO ONE TELLS THE WHITE HOUSE TO WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW WHEN THE PRESIDENT SENDS FOR HIM!
KEEP FISHING, TONI.... I WANT A NICE FISH DINNER THIS EVENING!
END

THE HUMAN FISH in STARFISH TROUBLE

My name is John Wilmore and I am a full professor of Marine Life at the State University. But now that my secret is known, I can tell you many of the adventures I have had in the world below our waters. I am called the Human Fish since I was born with a set of functional gill slits in addition to my own lungs. When I travel or meet people, I wear a special skin-like collar around my neck. So that to all appearances everything would seem natural.

Dr. Howard Jameson, head of the International Ecological Society, invited me to his home for supper one evening. And his rather pretty daughter, Eileen, smiled at me.

"We know you are a very busy man. But don't say no to us."

I should have suspected at once an ulterior motive. And it did turn up after we were in the library room. Eileen vanished and left me alone with her father.

"We need your help," he began. "There is a very unusual situation out in the Pacific around the Maruni Island Groups. The people there live a rather peaceful life. They fish, raise animals, and also have successfully tried agriculture. Protecting those islands are live coral reefs. So then when a storm comes, the waters spend their energy upon the reefs and thus the islands are protected.

Remove the coral reefs and a storm could bring disaster. Last year we seemed to have an ecological crisis in that area. A species of starfish, known as the Crown of Thorns starfish, for no apparent reason, began to increase in numbers tremendously in those waters. And they feed on live coral. We have to protect the coral reefs. Bill Jenkins and his scuba team are going with us, But he knows you very well. Says you are the only person in the world who can give us some kind of clue and advice in this situation."

So that explains how three days later I was in a specially charted plane winging across the Pacific Eileen was with us, acting as secretary to her father. We landed on an old but still serviceable World War II airfield. Then the Marine boat, "Sylleus II", took us to one of the Islands. There I met Chief Watana

"My people are honored that you have come to help us," he said to me.

Bill Jenkins and his scuba team went down for the first two days. Then he drew a rough map for me.

"These four coral reefs have been damaged. They might collapse in a storm. Lots of starfish swimming around."

Then I went down for the next five days. The starfish were large, Non-aggressive and hardly noticed me. And there were some baby starfish also present. Then I used a net and brought back some of the starfish for Dr Howard Jameson to examine

"No social life here," sighed Eileen. "Not even an excuse for a nightclub. So all we can do is to walk under the moonlight."

We did that one evening and I watched the calm waters of the area. Everything seemed so peaceful.

"The people are so natural here," she smiled at me. "Not even a jeep on the island outside of ours that carries the needed equipment."

"Maybe the word 'natural' is the key clue I need," I told her. "Back we go to your father and Bill Jenkins.

"We could sit here and theorize all kinds of reasons for the popular explosion of these starfish," I said, "Bill thinks that the natural balance in the Pacific Ocean had been upset by the increased amounts of DDT and other insecticides in the water. In order for a large ship to enter close to shore it was necessary you told me to blast away three coral reefs. Which could have been an upsetting factor. You examined the starfish. They are all normal.

"I am going to admit we don't have the best answer in the world. Let me just say it could be a special population cycle We can call it an episodic event One that has been noticed for the first time. My feeling is that within two months everything will be normal. But play it safe. Reinforce the damaged coral reefs with cement. The starfish can't live on cement. They will go away."

And three months later I received a phone call from Eileen.

"You were right! Everything is normal now in that area. The Chief sends his thanks to you. Will you please have supper with us this Friday evening?"

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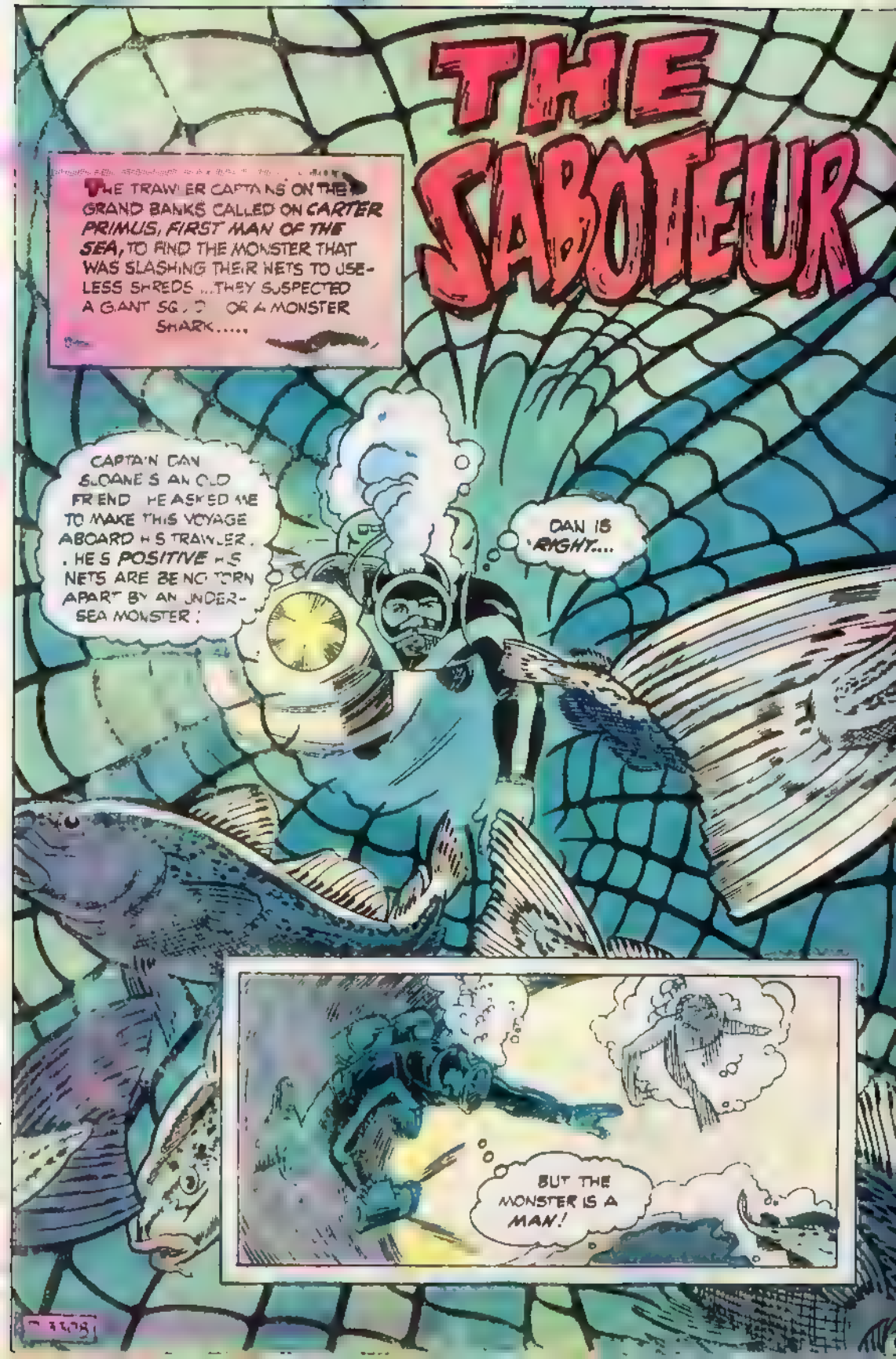
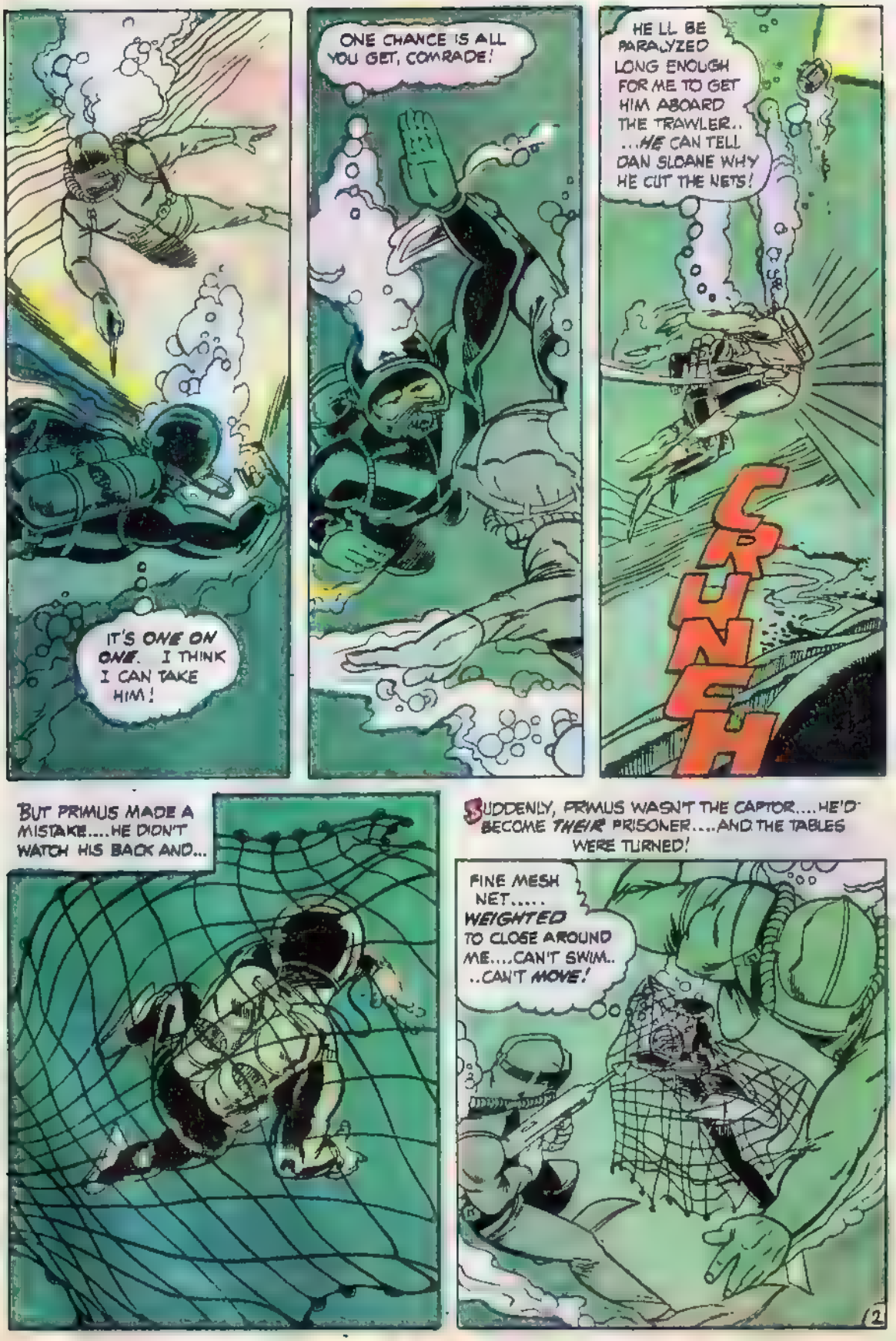
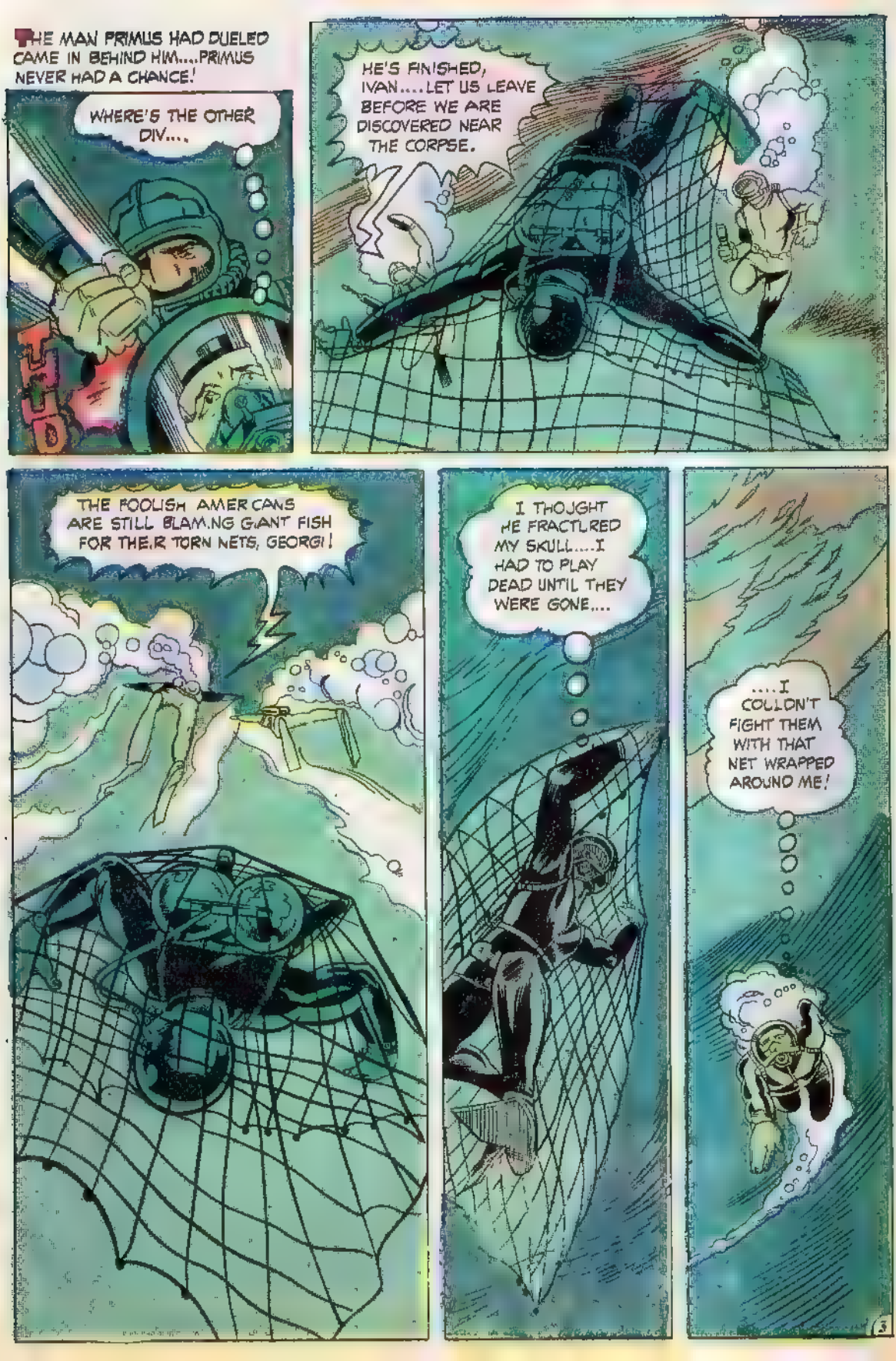

THE SABOTEUR
THE TRAWLER CAPTAINS ON THE GRAND BANKS CALLED ON CARTER PRIMUS, FIRST MAN OF THE SEA, TO FIND THE MONSTER THAT WAS SLASHING THEIR NETS TO USELESS SHREDS ...THEY SUSPECTED A GIANT SQUID OR A MONSTER SHARK.....
CAPTAIN DAN SLOANE IS AN OLD FRIEND HE ASKED ME TO MAKE THIS VOYAGE ABOARD HIS TRAWLER. . HE'S POSITIVE HIS NETS ARE BEING TORN APART BY AN UNDERSEA MONSTER!
DAN IS RIGHT....
BUT THE MONSTER IS A MAN!


IT'S ONE ON ONE. I THINK I CAN TAKE HIM!
ONE CHANCE IS ALL YOU GET, COMRADE!
HE'LL BE PARALYZED LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET HIM ABOARD THE TRAWLER.. ...HE CAN TELL DAN SLOANE WHY HE CUT THE NETS!
CRUNCH
BUT PRIMUS MADE A MISTAKE....HE DIDN'T WATCH HIS BACK AND...
SUDDENLY, PRIMUS WASN'T THE CAPTOR....HE'D BECOME THEIR PRISONER....AND THE TABLES WERE TURNED!
FINE MESH NET..... WEIGHTED TO CLOSE AROUND ME....CAN'T SWIM.. ..CAN'T MOVE!

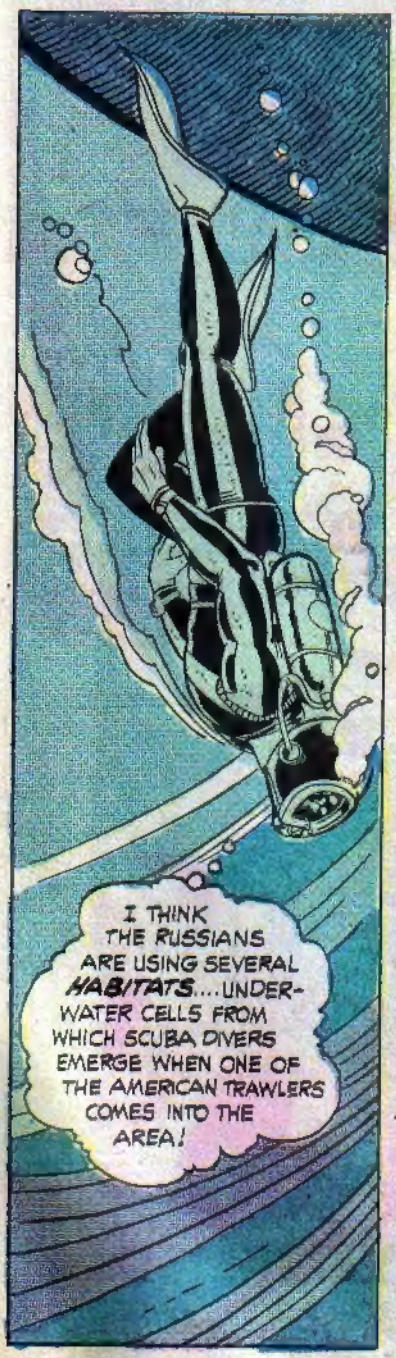

THE MAN PRIMUS HAD DUELED CAME IN BEHIND HIM....PRIMUS NEVER HAD A CHANCE!
WHERE'S THE OTHER DIV....
HUD
HE'S FINISHED, IVAN....LET US LEAVE BEFORE WE ARE DISCOVERED NEAR THE CORPSE.
THE FOOLISH AMERICANS ARE STILL BLAMING GIANT FISH FOR THEIR TORN NETS, GEORGI!
I THOUGHT HE FRACTURED MY SKULL....I HAD TO PLAY DEAD UNTIL THEY WERE GONE....
....I COULDN'T FIGHT THEM WITH THAT NET WRAPPED AROUND ME!
3

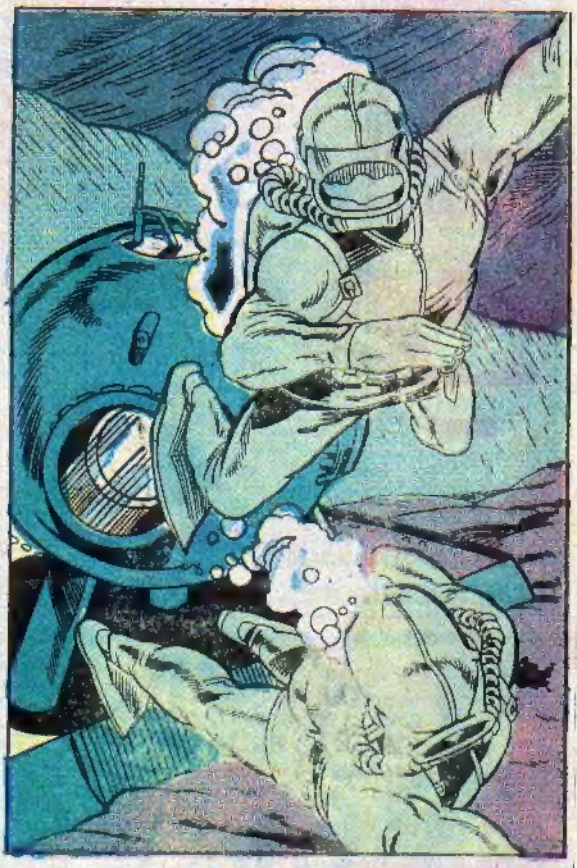
WELL, PRIMUS? DID YOU FIND THE MONSTER THAT'S RIPPING UP MY NETS?
I SAW THE MONSTER, DAN....A SCUBA DIVER WITH A SHARP KNIFE! HE ALMOST KILLED ME!
A DIVER? HOW CAN THAT BE? THERE'S NO OTHER BOAT WITHIN MILES OF US!
I THOUGHT OF THAT.... MAYBE A SUBMARINE BROUGHT THEM TO YOUR NETS....BUT I DOUBT IT!
THE RUSSIAN FISHING FLEET IS TEN MILES EAST OF US, PRIMUS!
TOO FAR OFF FOR THEM, DAN....THEY MUST HAVE SOME OTHER FACILITY RIGHT IN THIS AREA!
4

WHILE CAPTAIN SLOANE'S CREW MENDED THE TORN NETS, PRIMUS PUZZLED AT THE PROBLEM....HE STILL DIDN'T KNOW AS THE DAY ENDED....
I THOUGHT I SAW A BLIP ON DAN'S RADAR....BUT WE LOST IT! IF I WANTED TO SABOTAGE THEIR NETS, WHAT WOULD I DO?
NO ONE ON THE TRAWLER SAW IT COMING....BUT SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE BLACKNESS, A SHEER CLIFF LOOMED OVER THE TRAWLER....
TIMOTHY
SHE'S GOING TO RAM US! BACK ENGINES, QUICK!
FULL ASTERN, MAC!
THAT WAS CLOSE....THE RUSSIAN MUST'VE BEEN DOING THIRTY KNOTS, PRIMUS!
ALL OF THAT, DAN!

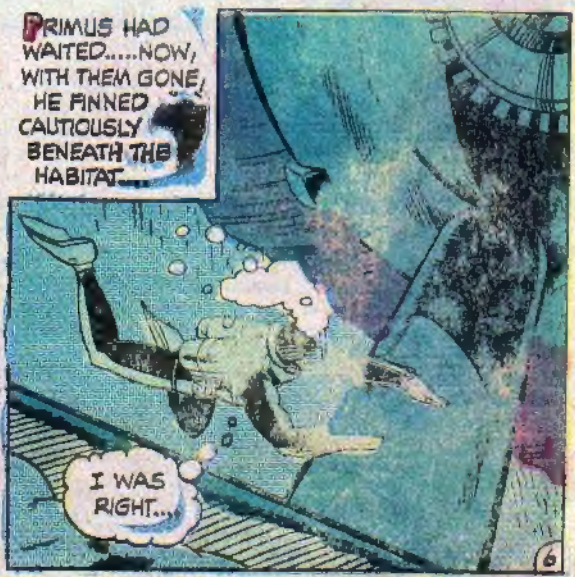
WE'LL BE FISHING HERE... IN TWENTY FATHOMS OF WATER ...WHY DO YOU ASK?
I THINK YOUR NETS WILL BE CUT AGAIN, DAN... BUT I WANT YOU TO GO THERE!

PRIMUS WENT OVER THE SIDE AFTER THE TRAWLER SET HER NETS JUST AFTER DAWN....


I THINK THE RUSSIANS ARE USING SEVERAL HABITATS....UNDER-WATER CELLS FROM WHICH SCUBA DIVERS EMERGE WHEN ONE OF THE AMERICAN TRAWLERS COMES INTO THE AREA!



PRIMUS HAD WAITED.....NOW, WITH THEM GONE, HE FINNED CAUTIOUSLY BENEATH THE HABITAT....



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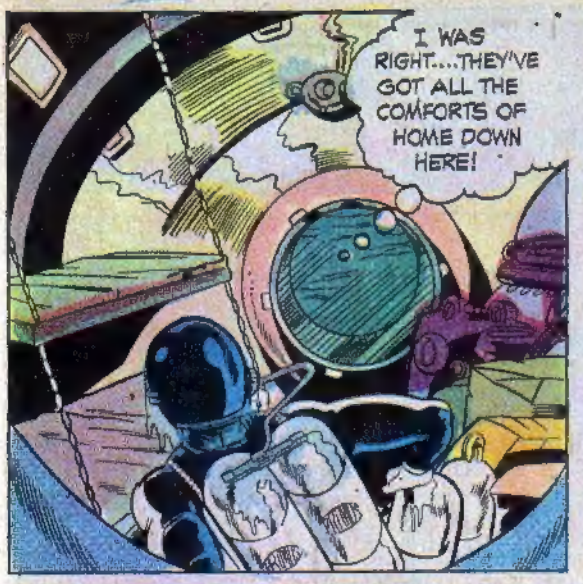
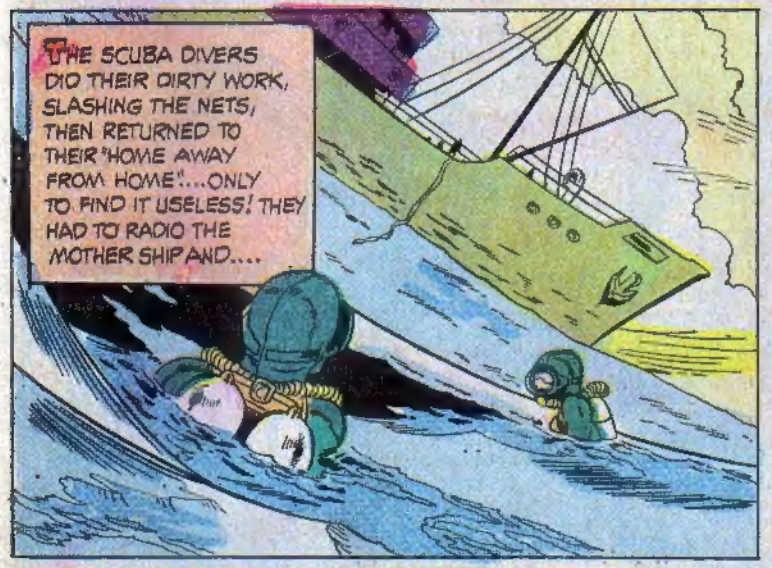
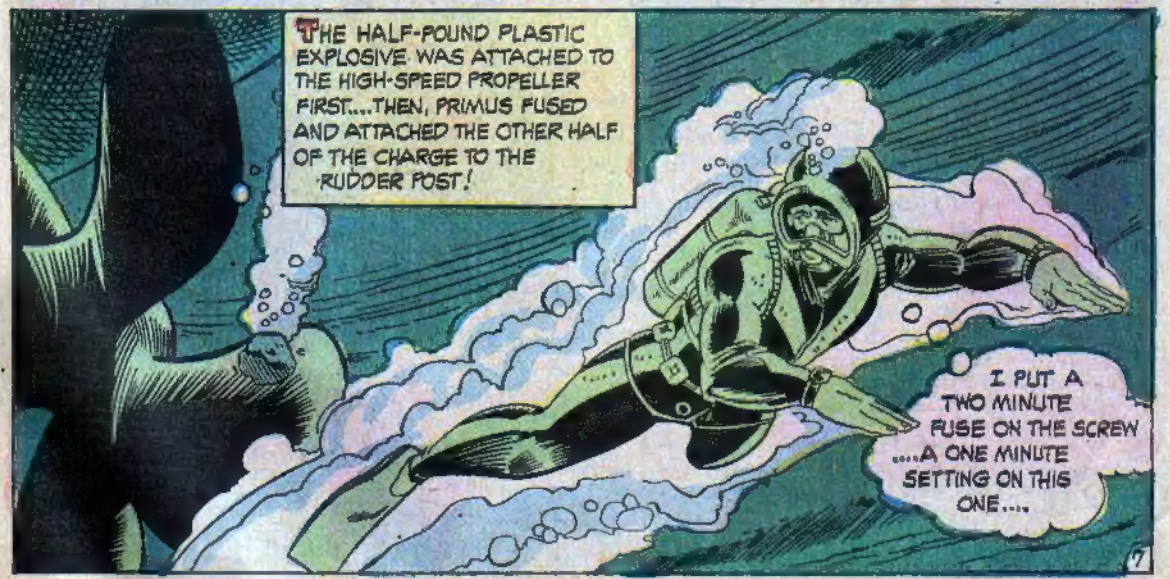

I WAS RIGHT....THEY'VE GOT ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME DOWN HERE!

SSS
WITHOUT OXYGEN RESERVE, THEY'LL HAVE TO CONTACT THEIR MOTHER SHIP....


THE SCUBA DIVERS DID THEIR DIRTY WORK, SLASHING THE NETS, THEN RETURNED TO THEIR "HOME AWAY FROM HOME"....ONLY TO FIND IT USELESS! THEY HAD TO RADIO THE MOTHER SHIP AND....

THEY STOPPED THE MOTHER SHIP TO PICK UP THEIR DIVERS.....I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!


THE HALF-POUND PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE WAS ATTACHED TO THE HIGH-SPEED PROPELLER FIRST....THEN, PRIMUS FUSED AND ATTACHED THE OTHER HALF OF THE CHARGE TO THE RUDDER POST!
I PUT A TWO MINUTE FUSE ON THE SCREW ....A ONE MINUTE SETTING ON THIS ONE....

THEY MAY NOT EVEN HEAR THE BANG INSIDE THE SHIP... BUT THEY'LL CRIPPLE THE SHIP!
WHOOOMM
WHOOMM
ABOARD THE BOSTON TRAWLER, PRIMUS SAW THE GLINT OF BINOCULARS ON THE BIG SHIP AND HE WAVED... HE KNEW THE CAPTAIN WAS GETTING THE MESSAGE!
WHEN THE RUSSIAN CAPTAIN ORDERED HIS SHIP TO PROCEED ....THE DISTORTED RUDDER VIBRATED HOPELESSLY....AND THE HELMSMAN REPORTED...
SHE WON'T STEER, COMRADE CAPTAIN....THE WHEEL WON'T MOVE!
IT WAS THE AMERICANS....I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DID IT... BUT THEY SABOTAGED THE SABOTEUR!
SHE'LL HAVE TO BE TOWED BACK TO RUSSIA! PRIMUS, YOU'RE FANTASTIC!
WE'VE GOT VIBRATION IN THE SCREW, COMRADE CAPTAIN! WE MUST STOP ENGINES!
YOU MAY BE RIGHT, DAN....I WON'T ARGUE THE POINT!
END.